

RODI
RIBIC

LOKI™





70 YEARS OF MARVEL COMICS

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loki

part three



IT
WILL NOT
DO.



THE WORK PROCEEDS TOO **SLOWLY**. IT MUST BE FINISHED ERE DAWN. HAVE YOU SO INSTRUCTED THE WORKERS?

YES, MY LORD.

BUT FORGIVE ME, YOUR COMMAND TO ERECT THE SCAFFOLD CAME NOT FOUR HOURS HENCE ... IN VIEW OF WHICH, THE PROGRESS HAS BEEN **REMARKABLE**.

REMARKABLE, YET INSUFFICIENT. I HAVE PROMISED THAT THOR, MY BROTHER, WILL DIE AT **SUNRISE**, AND SO HE SHALL.

IF HE DOES NOT, THOSE WHO HAVE DELAYED HIS EXECUTION WILL **SHARE** IN IT AT A LATER HOUR. PLEASE CONVEY THIS TO THE FOREMAN.

YES, MY LORD. **EXCUSE** ME, MY LORD.

YOU HAVE **MORE** TO SAY?

JUST...MY LORD, THE MATTER OF THE **RAINBOW BRIDGE**. IT REMAINS UNPROTECTED, AND THUS DOES ASGARD LIE VULNERABLE TO **INVASION** BY OUTWARD REALMS.



THERE IS NO ONE FIT TO GUARD THE BRIDGE SAVE NOBLE **HEIMDALL**, WHO FOR HIS PART SWEARS THAT WERE YOU TO RELEASE HIM, HE WOULD PERFORM THAT FUNCTION AND NO OTHER, HIS LOYALTY BEING TO ASGARD ITSELF AND NOT TO ANY FACTION.



HEIMDALL MUST THINK ME A FOOL. HE IS THE LADY SIF'S **BROTHER**, AND SHARES HER LOVE OF TREACHERY.

no, on THE MATTER OF THE BRIDGE, my DECISION IS THUS:



DESTROY IT.



WHAT, MY LORD? DESTROY THE **RAINBOW BRIDGE**?

WHY NOT? ASGARD IS SELF-SUFFICIENT. WHAT NEED HAVE WE FOR TRAFFIC WITH OTHER REALMS?

GO, SEE TO IT. ORDER IT DONE COINCIDENT WITH MY BROTHER'S EXECUTION. I SHOULDN'T LIKE ANY OF HIS MIDGARD **CRONIES** COMING AFTER ME IN REVENGE. OH, AND WHILE YOU ARE ABOUT IT...



...summon **KARNILLA**. TELL HER I GROW WEARY OF WAITING.





...WISH YOU
WOULD NOT **HURRY**
ME SO, LORD OF ASGARD.
A CONJURATION OF THIS
MAGNITUDE IS NOT
APPROACHED AS HASTILY
AS SOME PETTY **SPELL**
OR **POTION**.

SPARE ME
YOUR GROANINGS,
NORN QUEEN, AND
SHOW ME WHAT I
CRAVE TO SEE.



AS YOU
WISH. BUT LET ME
FIRST **CAUTION** YOU,
LOKI LAUFEYSSON, THAT
NO MAN OR GOD IS OF
SUFFICIENT GREATNESS
TO PIERCE THE VEIL
BETWEEN ESSENCES
WITHOUT RISK OF
RETRIBUTION.

RETRIBUTION?
FROM WHOM?



IMPRESSIVE,
KARNILLA. BUT I
REQUIRE MORE FROM
YOU THAN MERE
PYROTECHNICS.

BE SILENT,
PLEASE, AND
ALLOW ME TO
CONTINUE.

IF I KNEW
THAT, LORD OF
ASGARD, I WOULD
BE A VERY GREAT
SORCERESS
INDEED.



ÞÐX<TM
SRPNY PRQNSCB
IFUYMOOT JGXFTO
B<HPEK SSFTY
SMX<FOI



BEHOLD, LORD
LOKI. YOU WOULD
SEE WHETHER THERE
EXIST **OTHERS** AKIN
TO YOU BEYOND THIS
PLANE YOU NOW
RULE...



...LOOK
WELL, FOR EVEN
NOW THEY STAND
BEFORE YOU!



AN ARMY
OF **LOKIS**... A
MULTITUDE OF **THORS**...
FROM A SEEMINGLY
INFINITE ARRAY OF
ASGARDS!

DOES YOUR
HEART **LEAP**, OR
BREAK, AT THE
SIGHT OF THEM,
MY LORD?



YOU ASK
MUCH. YET IT IS
NOT BEYOND MY
ABILITY.

NEITHER. BUT I
WOULD KNOW WHAT
FACE AWAITS
THEM.



THE FACE
OF LOKI--**EVERY**
LOKI--IS THAT WHICH
YOU SEE BEFORE
YOU.

FOR HIS
CRIMES, THE GOD
OF MISCHIEF IS CHAINED
FOR ETERNITY TO A ROCK,
OVER WHICH SUSPENDS
A POISONOUS
WORM.



LOKI'S DEVOTED LADY
KEEPS THE BEAST'S
VENOM FROM HIS FACE,
BUT ALAS, SHE MUST ON
OCCASION PAUSE TO
EMPTY HER DISH,
DURING WHICH
TIME--



ENOUGH!

THUS DID I WARN YOU,
MY LORD. THERE IS NO
MORE BITTER BURDEN
THAN TO KNOW ONESELF
LESS THAN UNIQUE...NOR
ANY GREATER CURSE THAN
TO FORESEE ONE'S FINAL
FATE. STILL HAVE I DONE
WHAT WAS ASKED OF ME.



AND NOW
DO I DEMAND
MY REWARD.



DO NOT
IGNORE ME,
LAUFEYSON, LEST
WORSE BEFALL
YOU!



the outskirts
of asgard city.







BEHOLD
THE GOD OF
THUNDER.



IF I AM TO
CREDIT BRAVE BALDER
AND THE NORN QUEEN,
HE IS THE CHOSEN ARM
OF DESTINY AND MUST
TRIUMPH OVER LOKI IN
EVERY PLACE THAT
LOKI IS.

MUST I
ACCEPT THIS? MUST
I BELIEVE THAT FROM
THIS **ABJECT** STATE, MY
BROTHER CAN, AND WILL,
RALLY? THAT FROM THIS
DEPTH OF MISERY HE IS
DESTINED TO RISE TO
EVEN GREATER
HEIGHTS?



I CANNOT
DENY THAT HE HAS
EVER CONFOUNDED
PROBABILITY...

RELENT,
LOKI! I AM, AND
EVER WILL BE, MORE
THAN A MATCH FOR
SUCH AS YOU.

IN
ARROGANCE,
YOU HAVE NO
EQUAL, IT IS
TRUE--

--AND
THEREIN LIES YOUR
WEAKNESS. YOU SEE
ME AS NAUGHT BUT A
NUISANCE, YET I AM
MUCH *>MAUGH<*

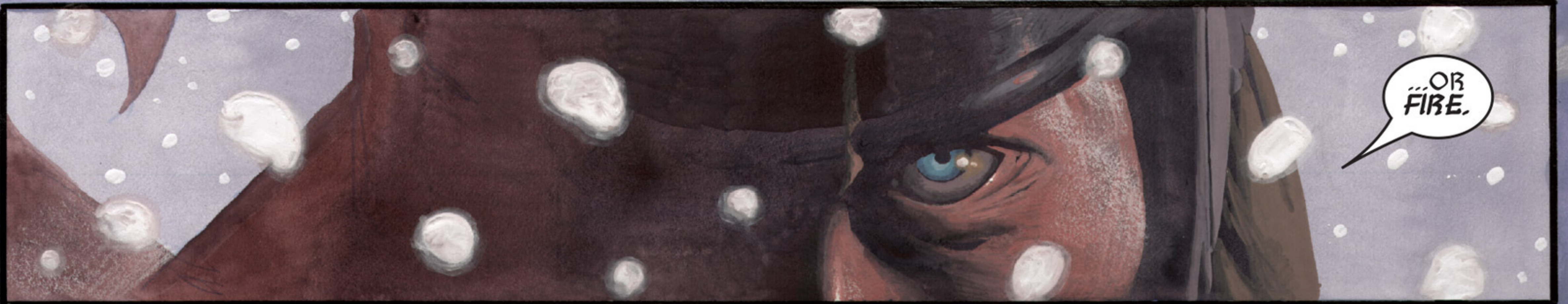
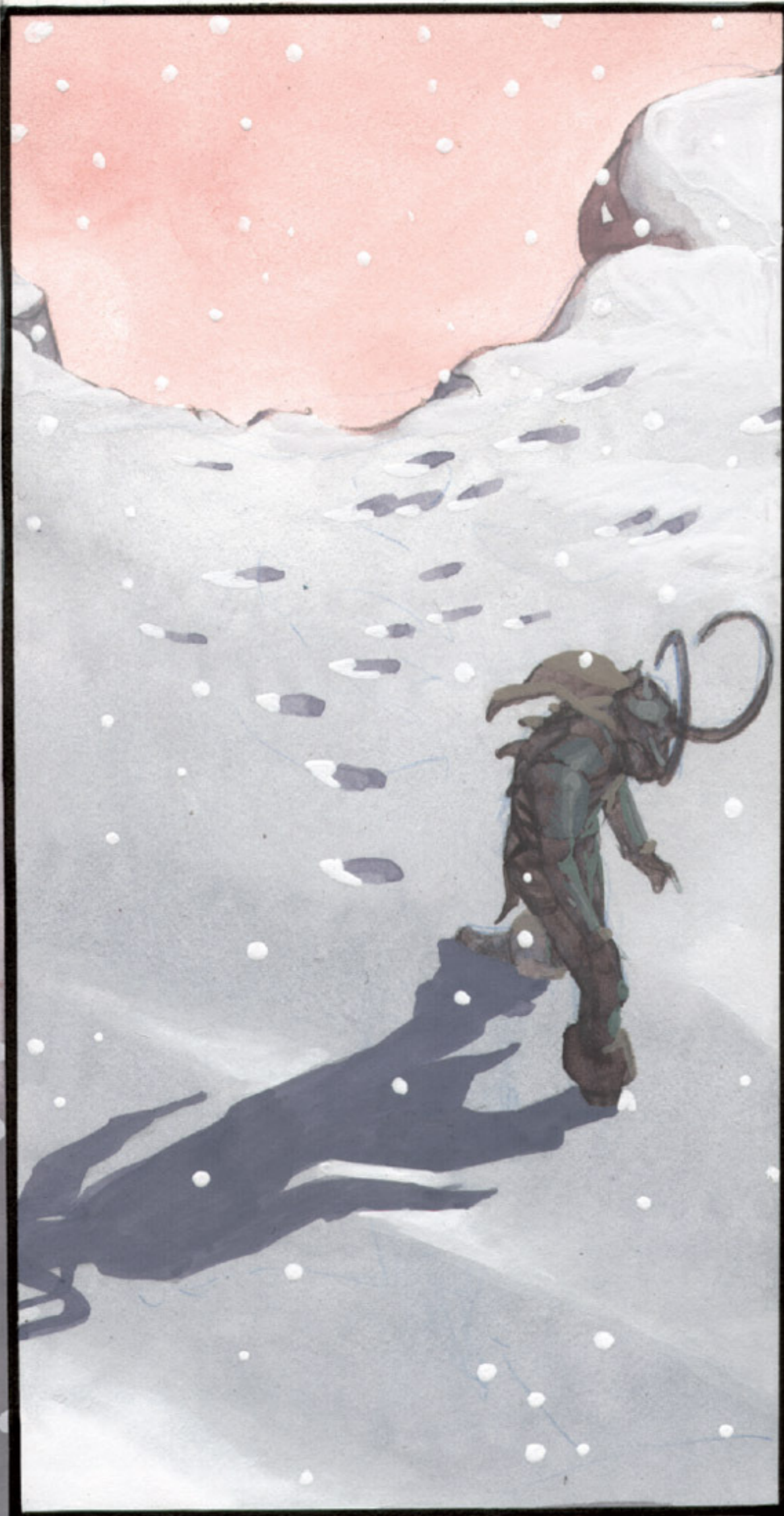
AH, YES--I
HAVE HEARD THAT
YOU NOW STYLE
YOURSELF "GOD
OF EVIL."

FOOL! IT
REQUIRES MORE
THAN *SELF-*
DESIGNATION FOR
A PETTY
PRANKSTER TO
PASS AS--

--EH?

LLLOOOKIN!

TCH.
AS I SAID,
ARROGANCE.



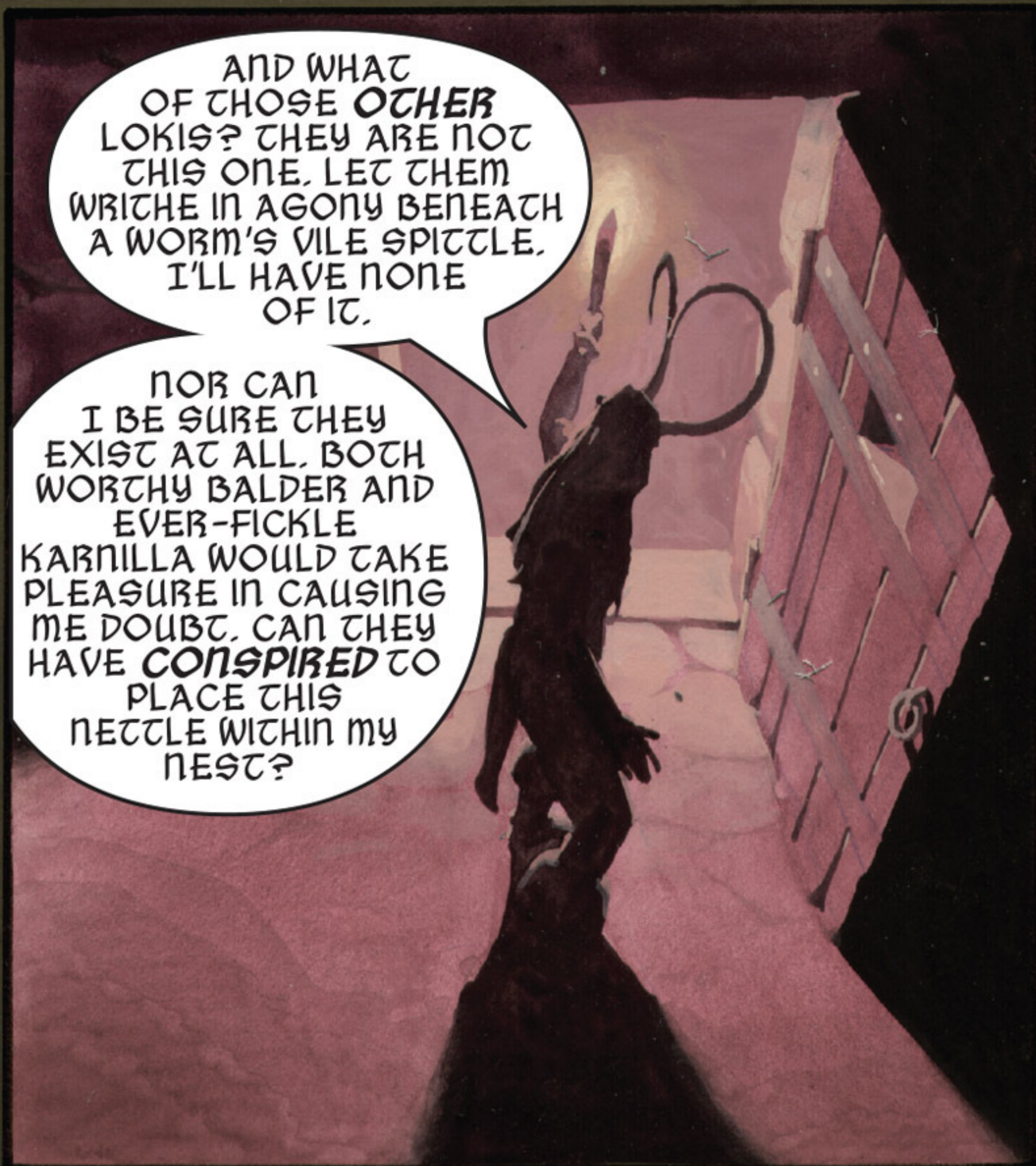
A THOUSAND
THOUSAND BATTLES.
ALL ENDING IN THE SAME
MANNER: THOR
TRIUMPHANT, LOKI
VANQUISHED.

CLACK

THOR.
LOOK AT
ME.

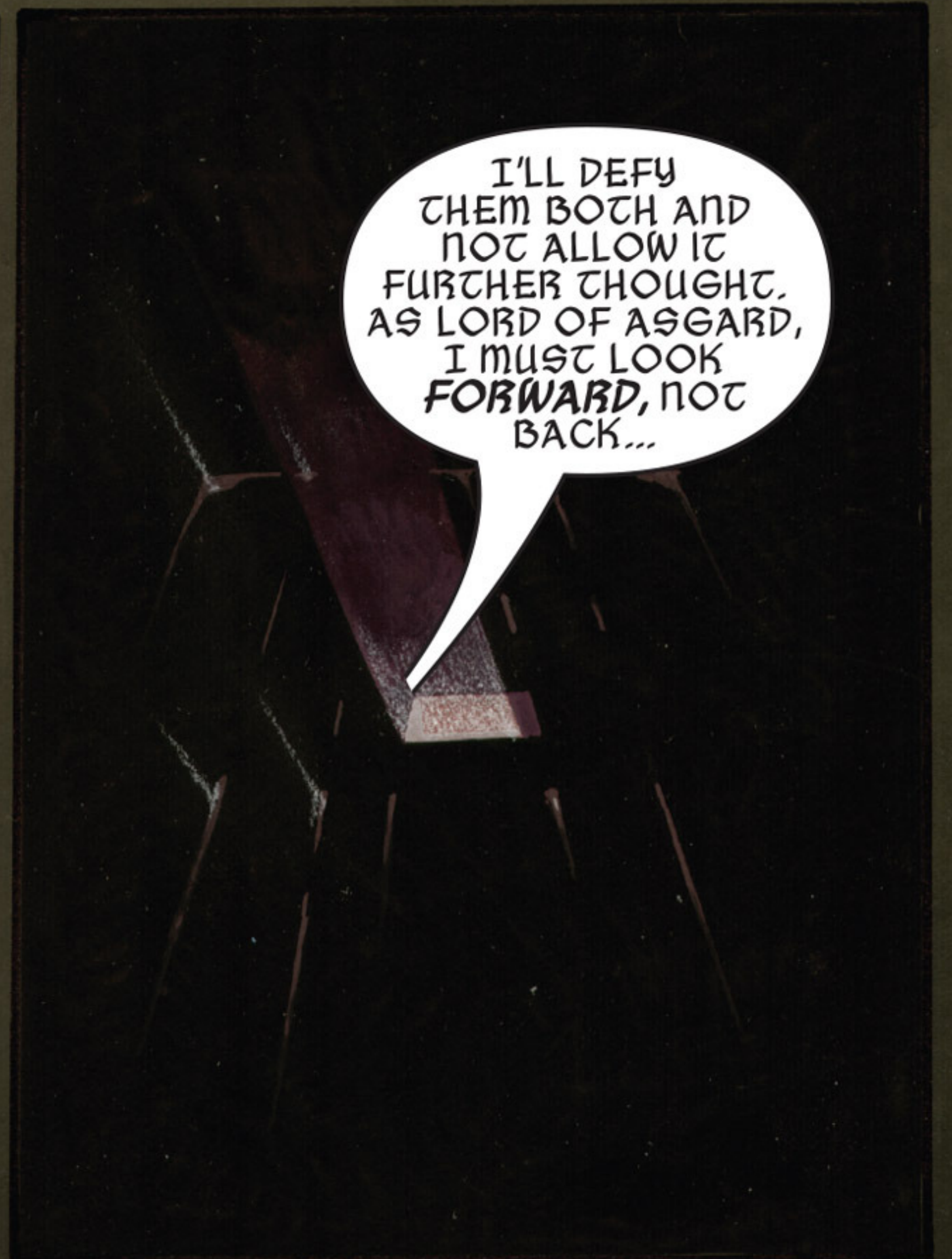
ETRA.

I MUST
CREDIT THE EVIDENCE
OF MY EYES. THOR IS
BROUGHT LOW FOR THE
FINAL TIME. LONG YEARS
OF VICTORY DO NOT
PRECLUDE EVENTUAL
DEFEAT.



AND WHAT
OF THOSE **OTHER**
LOKIS? THEY ARE NOT
THIS ONE. LET THEM
WRITHE IN AGONY BENEATH
A WORM'S VILE SPITTLE.
I'LL HAVE NONE
OF IT.

NOR CAN
I BE SURE THEY
EXIST AT ALL. BOTH
WORTHY BALDER AND
EVER-FICKLE
KARNILLA WOULD TAKE
PLEASURE IN CAUSING
ME DOUBT. CAN THEY
HAVE **CONSPIRED** TO
PLACE THIS
NETTLE WITHIN MY
NEST?



I'LL DEFY
THEM BOTH AND
NOT ALLOW IT
FURTHER THOUGHT.
AS LORD OF ASGARD,
I MUST LOOK
FORWARD, NOT
BACK...



MOTHER!
WHAT BUSINESS
HAVE YOU
HERE?

OF COURSE
NOT. IT BEING **AMUSING**
TO CLAIM MATERNITY TO
LOKI ONLY WHEN YOU MIGHT
ABUSE THE POSITION BY
DENYING HIM ALL AFFECTION.
ALAS, I AM BEYOND SUCH
SMALL BETRAYALS NOW...
"MOTHER."

YOU ARE
UNNATURAL!
DO NOT TOUCH
ME!

ADDRESS ME,
PLEASE, AS **LADY**
FRIGGA. I'LL
ACKNOWLEDGE NO
NEAR RELATION
TO **YOU**, SIR.

UNNATURAL,
MY LADY? WHAT
WORD, THEN, FOR A
MOTHER WHO DENIES
HER SUCKLING BABE
HER BREAST?

I DID NOT
BEAR YOU.
MY BREAST HAD
NO NOURISHMENT
TO OFFER
YOU.

I SPOKE METAPHORICALLY.
BUT LET'S NOT QUARREL.
BETTER THAT YOU MAKE
REPLY TO MY EARLIER
INQUIRY: WHAT BUSINESS
HAVE YOU HERE?

I HAVE
BEEN TO SEE
MY HUSBAND. YOUR
FATHER,
UNGRATEFUL
ONE.

AH, BUT
HOW CAN HE
BE MY FATHER,
IF YOU ARE
NOT MY
MOTHER?

NEVER MIND.
JUST TELL ME
HOW THE OLD
WARRIOR
FARES.

BETTER
YET, I'LL GO
AND ASK HIM
MYSELF...



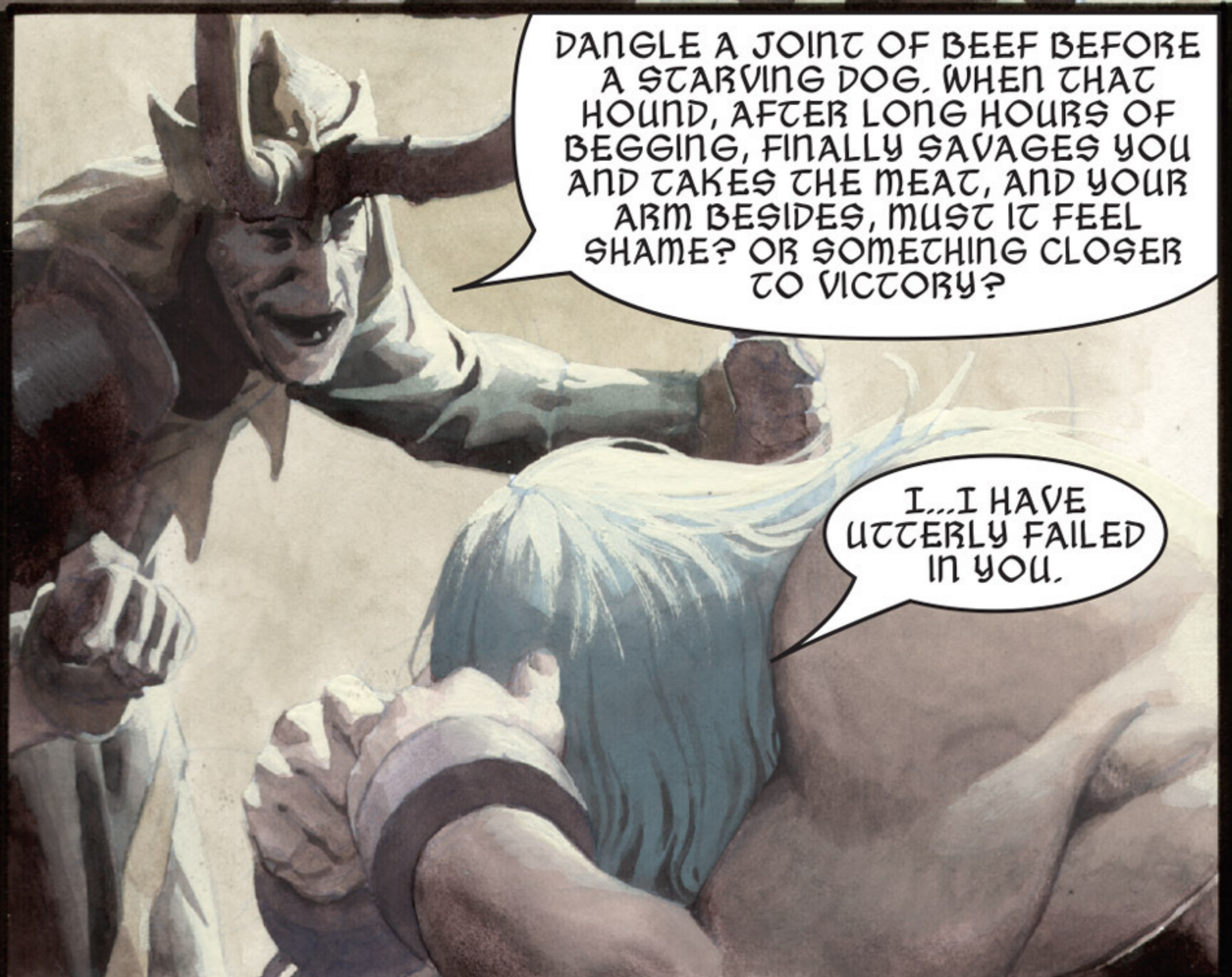
I MUST ADMIT NO SMALL **SURPRISE**, my son. I HAD NOT THOUGHT TO SEE YOU IN THIS PLACE.

NO? AND WHY IS THAT?



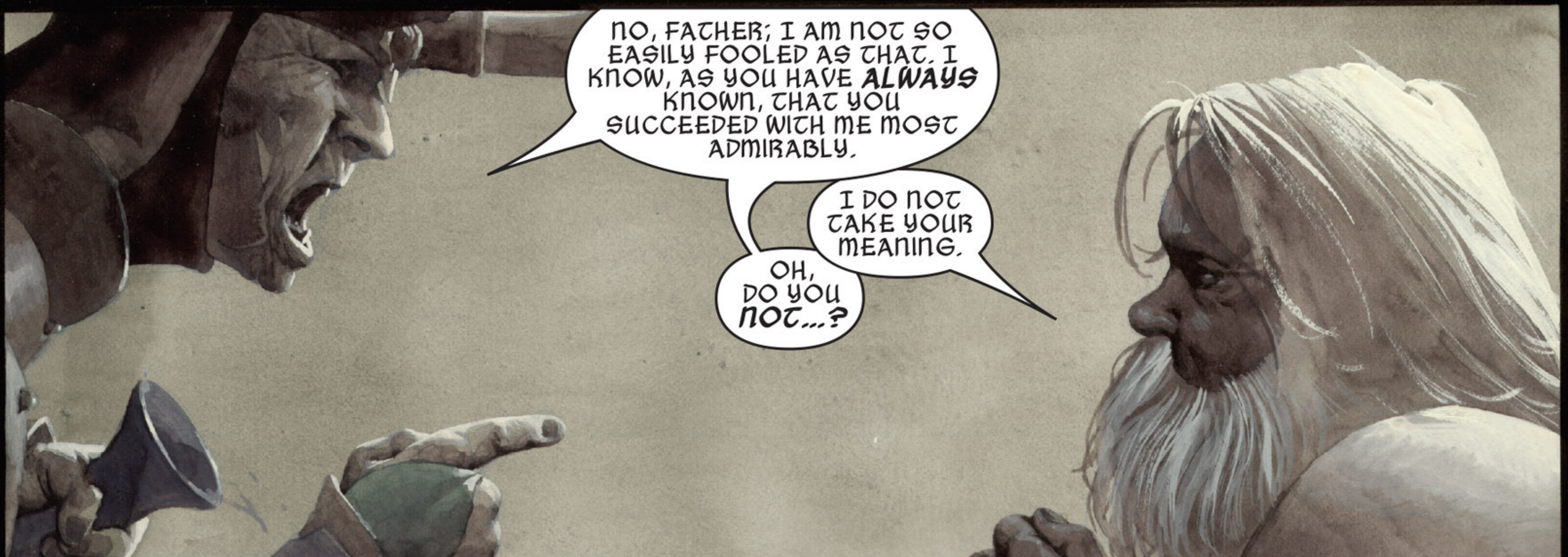
WHY...BECAUSE OF THE SHAME YOU MUST FEEL BEFORE ME.

SHAME? THE WORD HAS NO MEANING FOR ME.



DANGLE A JOINT OF BEEF BEFORE A STARVING DOG. WHEN THAT HOUND, AFTER LONG HOURS OF BEGGING, FINALLY SAVAGES YOU AND TAKES THE MEAT, AND YOUR ARM BESIDES, MUST IT FEEL SHAME? OR SOMETHING CLOSER TO VICTORY?

I...I HAVE UTTERLY FAILED IN YOU.



NO, FATHER; I AM NOT SO EASILY FOOLED AS THAT. I KNOW, AS YOU HAVE **ALWAYS** KNOWN, THAT YOU SUCCEEDED WITH ME MOST ADMIRABLY.

I DO NOT TAKE YOUR MEANING.

OH, DO YOU NOT...?



"...YOU
SLEW MY **TRUE**
FATHER ON
THE FIELD OF
BATTLE.

"I DO NOT DENY
IT. I DEFEATED
LAUFEY
ACCORDING TO
THE RULES OF
ENGAGEMENT...

"...THERE WAS
NO DISHONOR
IN IT, FOR HIM
OR FOR ME."

"INDEED...?"



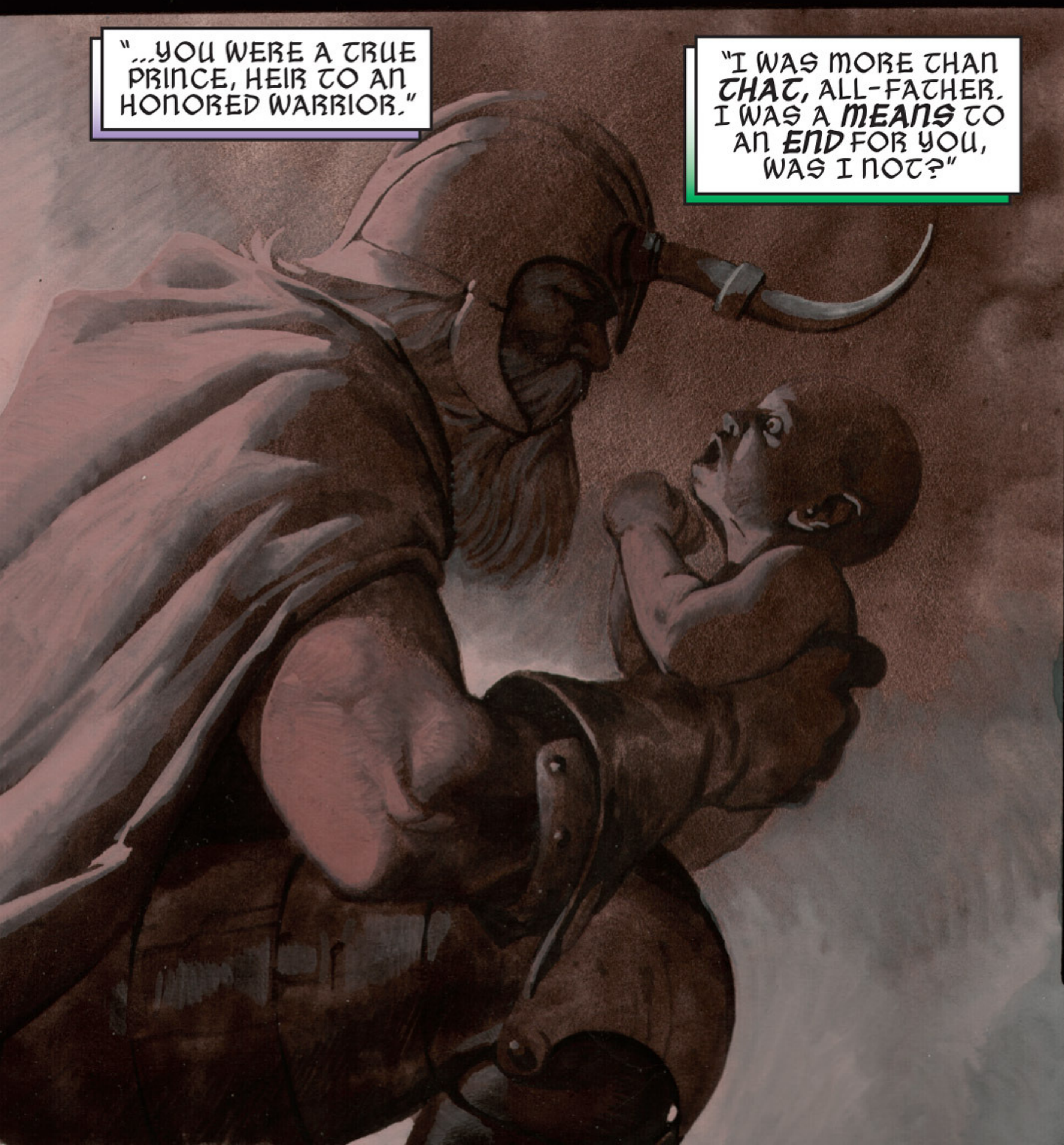
"...WHAT DO THE 'RULES
OF ENGAGEMENT' SAY
ABOUT **KIDNAPPING**
YOUR VICTIM'S SON?"

"IT WAS TO **HONOR**
LAUFEY THAT I TOOK
YOU AS MY OWN...



"...YOU WERE A TRUE
PRINCE, HEIR TO AN
HONORED WARRIOR."

"I WAS MORE THAN
THAT, ALL-FATHER.
I WAS A **MEANS** TO
AN **END** FOR YOU,
WAS I NOT?"



DO NOT
RIDDLE ME SO. IF
YOUR FESTERING
MIND HOLDS AN
ACCUSATION, HAVE
OUT WITH IT.

SIMPLY
THIS, THEN: HOW
BEST TO MAKE
A **HERO**?

GIVE HIM A
MEANS BY WHICH HE
MIGHT **DEFINE** HIMSELF
SO. SET UP A FIELD OF
BLACK AGAINST WHICH
HIS **WHITE** WILL BE YET
MORE BLINDING.



ETRO



YOU
SPEAK OF
THOR.



YES, I SPEAK
OF THOR. MY
STEPBROTHER,
FILLED WITH
ENERGY AND
AMBITION.

HOW TO
MOLD HIM
ACCORDING
TO YOUR
WILL?



WHY, MOLD A
VILLAIN ALONGSIDE HIM.
TAKE INTO YOUR BOSOM A
SMALL AND HELPLESS BABE.
PROD HIM WITH **TEMPTATION**.
REWARD HIM WITH **RIDICULE**.
EXPECT THE VERY **WORST**
FROM HIM AND REFUSE TO
SEE ANY GOOD, LEST IT
FLOURISH THEREBY.



YOU ARE
DERANGED.

AM I?

THEN LOOK
AT ME, FATHER, AND
TELL ME PLAIN THAT I
WAS NOT BROUGHT TO
YOUR COURT FOR THE
SOLE PURPOSE OF
GALVANIZING THOR'S
GOODNESS.





I UNDERSTAND YOU NOW, BUT YOU DO NOT YET UNDERSTAND ME. IN DEMONIZING *ME*, YOU HAVE OUTWITTED YOURSELF.

I AM LAUFEY'S REVENGE.



OF LATE I HAVE BEEN TOLD THAT I AM A *PRISONER* OF FORTUNE... THAT THE FORCES WHICH CREATED ME ARE *INVIOLEATE* ACROSS MANY REALMS, AND THUS THOSE WHOM IT USES ARE EXEMPT FROM BLAME FOR THEIR ROLE IN THE TRAGEDY OF MY LIFE.

AND YET I MYSELF AM EVER TO BE HELD GUILTY FOR MY *OWN* ACTIONS--WHICH, BY THE LAWS OF THE COSMOS, I AM HELPLESS TO CHANGE OR ALTER. NO MATTER THE CRIMES COMMITTED AGAINST ME, IT IS ONLY I WHO WILL BE CALLED CRIMINAL.



I REJECT THIS OUTRIGHT. AND I HAVE PROVED THAT THE LAWS OF THE COSMOS ARE NOT SO IMMUTABLE AS I HAVE BEEN TOLD. I NOW RULE ASGARD. I HAVE CEASED TO BE THE TRICKSTER AND AM HENCEFORTH LORD OF ALL. AND THOSE WHO HAVE HAD A HAND IN THE *MAKING* OF MY MISERY WILL NOT ESCAPE MY RIGHTEOUS JUDGMENT.



THOR MY BROTHER IS TO DIE AT SUNRISE. AND *YOU*, STEPFATHER, SLAYER OF MY TRUE FATHER, YOU ARE TO *WATCH HIM*.



AND HOW WILL YOU *DO* THIS THING, LOKI? THE GOD OF THUNDER IS NOT SO EASILY DISPATCHED.

I WILL CUT OFF HIS HEAD.



LET US SEE HIM SURVIVE *THAT*.



MAKE WAY!
MAKE WAY FOR
YOUR LORD--



--I SAID
MAKE WAY,
VILLAIN, OR--
HRRK--

LOKI!
LOKI AT
LAST.



WH-WHO
ARE YOU TO
SO **DEFY** THE
LORD OF
ASGARD?



I AME ONE
WHO HAS THE
BETTER RIGHT
TO **SEE** YE
THAN ANY WHO
YET **LIVE**, MY
CHILD.



I AME
FARBAULTI OF
JOTUNHEIM...



...YORE
MOTHER.